
Title: Azalin, the Lich Lord

Author:

Azalin
the
Lich Lord

and
the Beginnings of
the Ebon Skull

*a ripped page from the
tome: The Birth of an
Old Evil*

As it is written in
the diary of Nahman
the Mad, a scholar
long dead, this is the
day a dreaded evil
came to our land. In
the guise of a little
child, this one grew...
and as time ravaged
the weak fleshlings,
he grew in power. He
is called by many
names, whispered
about in bedtime
stories but he is all too
real. Only a few
outside of his Order
have looked upon his
face and survived
unscathed. I have been
to the monster's inner
sanctum and the
darkness I found
there still lingers in
my soul... Fear him,
for his power is
unbound and his bony
hands reap more and
more souls. He is
the horror among
horrors... nameless to
many, but you call
him... Azalin, the
Lich Lord.

the page ends here

...ooOoOoo...

The history of Azalin before he came to Sosaria is lost deep in the Mists of Antiquity. All that is known concerning his ancient past is that he came from a realm of utter evil from which he ruled with several other Dark Lords. Some speculate that this was a tainted shard that was lost to the Guardian, while others whisper that it was another place altogether, a separate plane of existence. Regardless, centuries ago, walking out from the Mists; Azalin found himself in Britannia. A place of light and beauty, a place ripe for the taking. He had seen such places before and knew that there were always seeds of darkness waiting to be harvested. And this place had been sown with many such seeds... Upon arriving this plane, the Lichlord found himself extremely weakened. There was still incredible power within his ancient bones but it paled in comparison to his former might. The ability to walk among mortals was still within his means and this he did. Azalin found himself in Moonglow, the City of Mages. By joining this magical community, Azalin was able to learn about the realm of Britannia and its inhabitants.

Within the echoing
halls of the Lycaeum,
the Lichlord found
evidence that proved
the existence of
Necromancy. From
where he had come
from, Necromancy
was rife throughout
the land. Here it had a
very secretive
following. He read the
tale of the incestuous
siblings, Lathiari and
Kyrnia who had been
the first to discover
the Dark Art. Being
banished for their
sins, the two
necromancers fled
humanity and
experimented in
earnest. At one point
they had achieved the
exalted state of
Lichdom, just as
Azalin had. these two
had also spoke of
powerful artifacts
known as Shrine
Stones. According the
undead pair, one of
these stones existed
on an island of ice.
Azalin had read about
such a place in his
studies, a place not far
at all from Moonglow.
Visiting the local
graveyard, the
Lichlord found
several of the lesser
undead wandering
aimlessly. Forcing a
sense of direction in
their unlives, Azalin
led them to the coast.
There they found a
lone boat with a few
drunken, singing men.
There were some who
were not even aware
that they had died
until they felt their
corpse move against
their own violation. As
Azalin's entourage
grew he made way to

Ice Island. Once setting foot on the wretched landscape, Azalin knew that he had found his new home. There wasn't a sign of greenery anywhere on the island. Wolves howled in the distance and the numbing cold almost matched the void that was his heart. For many a day and night the Lichlord and his minions scourged the land, searching for the Shrine Stone mentioned in the journals of Kyrnia and Lathiari. In a local dungeon known as Deceit, powerful undead roamed. There Azalin made a few allies but they did not reveal the location of the stone, and so he searched anew. Finally, after some time on the northern tip of the island, the small undead army found an ankh. The ankh continually bled a crimson stream that formed into a bloody pool set in the middle of a mound of bones. Extremely charmed by the local, Azalin searched the area for the stone and found a marble pedestal surrounded by hanging skeletons. Upon the pedestal rested a skull, black as pitch, darker than midnight this grinning artifact greedily asorbed the very light that fell upon it. Approaching the ebon skull, Azalin felt an incredible aura of power emanating from it and actually

felt humbled a bit by
its raw strength. The
skull spoke to Azalin,
telling him many a
dark thing. This Ebon
Skull was a focal point
of the powers of
Entropy in the realm
of Britannia. Its
purpose was to oppose
both Order and Chaos,
its purpose was to
devour their
champions and send
them screaming into
the maw of Oblivion.
The Skull told him of
others who followed it
and served the cause
of Entropy. Lathiari,
Kyrnia, Zog and the
Black Lich were but a
few who had
answered its call.
The Artifact
requested a service
from Azalin, in
return for the
restoration of his
former power. The
Lichlord, forever
seeking more power,
agreed to this service.
He was to gather more
of his kind under
him, to serve the
powers of Oblivion, to
unleash the power of
Necromancy upon the
innocents and to slay
the very land itself.
Using his restored
power, Azalin called
forth the earth itself
and the bones of the
unliving to form into a
spiraling tower. This
he dubbed Golgotha,
the Tower of Skulls.
Here would reside the
new found Order of
the Ebon Skull. An
order of
Necromancers and
Undead alike who
heard the calling of
decay, who longed for
the world to be a

darker place.

Moments later the
very first to answer
his call came
shuffling from the
dungeon Deceit.

Skeletal knights,
zombies, ghouls and
ghosts made way to
the beacon of
darkness that was
Golgotha. the Order of
the Ebon Skull had
been born and the
world quaked and
knew real terror.